THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

OLD SERIES. VOL. XXVIII. } AUGUST, 1876. { NEW SERIES. VOL. V. NO. 8.

A LETTER FROM AN INDIAN.

A LITTLE girl, not five years old, heard last winter a letter from an Indian, and was so touched with it she said she should like to write to him. So she printed a note, and began in her own way, "I think you must have very strong teeth to eat acorns," which called forth his remarks upon them.

We are permitted to print the touching Indian letter. It recalls vividly our sins of omission and commission, in regard to the Red man; and, by its simple faithfulness, rebukes our lack of religious zeal.

WHITE EARTH RESERVATION, May 4th, 1876.
MISS NELLIE P———.

My dear little pale face friend, Your little letter has reached us safly — I must tell you — how your loving letter has affected my poor heart.

When I opened the letter I knew at once it was written by a little child. It draws tears from my eyes to think of you, then to turn my thoughts to my little child who died 11 months ago, of 4 yearn'd 6 months old — a child who used to repeat the Lord's Prayer with me in every mornings and evenings — We have lost all our little children — The last two we lost almost broken our poor hearts and nearly blinded our poor eyes — When we see the room occupied by them, how always sadden our poor hearts — From our house we can see their graves, & in going to church in every sabbath day — we passed through their little graves — Now we feel quite very lonsom — & like having no children at all, though we have 4 children still living, our smallest of the four 14 years & the others are all married.

I have shown your letter to the chiefs & read it to them — and they were truly pleased to know that a such small loving pale face friend to think of their poor missionary for them — My wife showed to the women — I shall always keep your loving letter in my trunk, and as to your pennies I valued and esteemed them as if thousand of dollars worth presents.

And as to my strong teeth yes — That they were strong teeth 8 9 years ago — but as I grow in age my teeth began to grow weak & weaker every years — Acorns that grow here are not very hard when properly cook they really soft — We have ate them to satisfied our hunger — John the *Baptist* as we read in the Scriptures ate locust — whether Locusts had more nourishing 'an acorns — is more than I can tell.

My young friend — many years ago I was a heathen man learned to worship sun & moon — I have learned all the religious ceremonies of my fathers — I was Easticated (?) in the grand medicine the Sacred rites of heathen religion. I also believed that after this life that I would go beyond the setting of the Sun to the Great Hunting ground. My fathers also taught me that the religion of the great Spirit was not intended for the Red man, but only for the pale faces.

And when I first heard the religion of the Great Spirit I was averse to it — I said again & again that I would never become a christian man, & wanted to learn more & more the religion of my fathers — You may say — I was a strick a heathen man I used to paint my face fasted many day — that the object of a heathen fasts was — that some spirit might visit us during the punishing of our weak bodies to tell us & revealed to us — what will be for our future day either to be great Warrior Hunter or juggler or a prophet.

Now I want to tell you a little of my humble work among my own people = It is now going on 8 yrs or it will be 8 years next October — since we arrive here = My people were then all heathen loved to go to war = when I was told that I must also follow my people to here — I said that I cannot come I wanted to run away from them — I thought then a poor man without means surport my family I thought I had better run away from them, & beside — Many pale face Missionaries had been preaching to them without success & for many years telling them about the Great Spirit but failed & left the country — and just at the time of my Departure for unknown place I consented to come = When I arrived here my people were very glad to receive me — I waited not a day but commence telling them about the Great and Good Man called Jesus the Saviour of the world — preaching places had been in private houses from one place to another & in the Summer under the shade of the trees — I continued to do this for two years — In two years I had gathered two hundred christian indians & now my young friend I have now 457 christian indians & 200 two hundred communicants, & with small fine chh. & our little chh is full in every sabbath day — our little chh is now altogether too small — A year ago some good friends East had promised me to ask— what I really wish or wanted. I told them— what I really desire from my poor heart was — was a chh — I told some of these good friends — that I was afraid I shall never see it in my day — O yes said they you shall see it. If so, I certainly shall overjoy & my poor heart & the hearts of my poor people will also rejoice = We have two schools in operation with 150 scholars some of our children are really good English scholars — our children are all taught in english — on many occasions I permit the children to sing in English between the two lessons in our public services — they sing so beautifully & the parents are well pleased = a year ago when I was at Philadelphia — The first I heard sung " Onward christian soldiers " when I first heard it all my hairs on my head moved stood straight upward. I thought the words & the tune was so beautifull. & when I came from the chh I told my wife that I shall not return home west untill I learned perfectly — of the tune. & to the following night I sat down and took my pen and translated the whole hymn in less than two hours = & when I was at New Mulford Conn — The ladies there taught us untill we learned perfectly well = Now the whole indian congregation sing it in the chh beautifully I know you would be glad to see our congregation & the children all in clothed in with clean clothes — The English common prayer Book has been translated into our language so our whole public service is the same with yours = only the language is different = The language of the prayer book is so grand solemn & beautifull = Hear my people repeat the responses the prayers the creed the ten commandments & our solemn litany in with audible plain voice.

O I am so thankfull that the Great Spirit had opened my blind heart & eyes to see the beautiful christian religion I go out day after day to thank my God — that He has pitied my poor people. Now we shall try to be firm in our christian faith & to try to win others — We have now in our midst 12 hundred heathens — And these we are trying to bring them to the foot of the cross = permit me to say one thing My dear Young christian friend. I say we have 12 hundred heathens here and as many more coming this summer from other

places — These heathens are really poor in the way of clothing = I cannot Baptized adults or a child with her dirty blankets on. I cannot do it unless we can give them suitable clothes to come to the font before the whole congregation — Some of those littler children are nearly naked I think we shall have a great work to do this coming summer — & shall require much clothing for those purposes both adults men women & children —

We have had recd second hand clothing all along but during the past year we have had none at all excepting two boxes =

I only wish the Eastern friends would remember us with their cast off clothings both men & women & children —

We have a rail Road Depot near us again my young friend I thank you your gift I appreciate it deeply I shall never forget it. The first child that I shall Baptize = I shall take the liberty in calling her of your name. Those we have Baptized men women & children we have always given them an English christian names — & still retained their indian names — Now for Instance I still retain my indian name Enmegahbowh — which means = " One that stood before his people " — This was given me by my grandfather at the time I was almost dying — He thought that the Master of life might spare my life & that I may be some service to my poor people in the future — — Poor Grandfather! He died many years ago — His poor desires have been partially fulfiled — To day I have been standing before my people in pointing to them the way of the Great Spirit One thing that often draws tears from my eyes for joy — that My Son will be ordain deacon in next June — & when I am no more I shall have one to stand in my place — May the Great Spirit make him far more useful than his poor unworthy father.

I shall soon write one letter to your dear mother — God bless you all is the prayer of your unworthy friend & brother

J J ENMEGAHBOWH —

MISS NELLY P.———

PICKING FLOWERS.

DON'T you wish you were out in that field? I do ; that is, if it be a fine north-west wind, and not so hot as the past week, when the heat has been so great that it seemed as if we might cut it in slices to warm up Arctic regions.

These children are having a fine time. Sue is resting on the stile, after helping to fill Helen's apron with flowers. Henrietta is gathering some for her hat. Frankie gives a shout of joy every little while, and is now looking up at a bird's nest, which he is altogether too kind to touch. Helen's hand and tire can hold no more flowers, and her eyes are like stars; she has rushed so fast from clump to clump, never sure that she has plucked the finest.

I hope her flowers are going to the Flower Mission, for then they will make sick folks happy, and weary little children imagine that they, too, are in the fields.

Helen has the true eye for flowers. She does not call any common. She admires field daisies, clover, buttercups, grasses, columbines, as well as roses, carnations, and other garden flowers. She arranges flowers prettily in vases, never crowding them, but allowing the light to show off their delicate shades and shapes. To like flowers is a beautiful taste ; and Helen will never be too poor or too old to possess it. Most of us have a favorite flower. Helen's is the lily of the valley. What a dear little flower it is! So white, so modest, and hiding its head under its leaves. Perhaps in the night, with only

the glow-worm and the field-mouse to listen, these pure-white bells ring out a little tune, the burden of which is: "We are very small, and very much hidden away; but the earth cannot soil us, because we are God's handiwork, and he made us sweet and pure, so as to teach little children, whose small hands pluck us eagerly, to be sweet and pure, too, and to modestly hide their heads."

LUCY'S FUR FRIENDS.

CHAPTER IX.

Who's There?

WHAT *would* grandpa say if he knew Susan and the cook had left *us* to take care of the house?"

"You needn't be scared. I'm here!"

"What could a small boy do against a band of robbers?"

"Robbers don't go in bands now."

"Two would frighten me, in black masks!"

"Let us drag the old gun in," said Mount, "and point it at the door."

"It might go off."

"Just like a girl to be afraid of a gun! I tell you it isn't loaded. But it will scare the robbers all the same."

"How will they see it through the door and shutters?"

"We can slant one shutter; and the moon is rising, and will shine on the gun."

"Push the spy-glass more this way; then the robbers will take that for another gun."

Whilst the children were busy, they forgot their fears; but when they could think of nothing more to keep out the robbers, Lucy's heart failed her, and she whispered: "If Cousin Anita had not said, 'He is a coward who runs away,' we might steal out the back door, and get to Pansy Bank."

"The robbers might catch us on the way. Let us hoist the small flag by the gun."

"It is too heavy for us to lift. Mercy! what's that? Why, Tab, where did you come from? Grandpa would hate you in the house worse than a robber. Mount, I wonder if we couldn't make Tab fly at a robber?"

"No: she would hide, like a girl. If Bat Kelly were only here, that would be worth while."

"Susan and the cook will be sure to be back before ten, — grandpa's time. We will not tell of them. But if grandpa finds out, what will he do?"

"Send them away to-morrow."

"Poor puss, you don't like being in the dark."

"How silly, Lucy! a cat sees just as well in the dark. But we'll light a candle, and the robbers will think we are all up."

"But the candle will show that there are only two of us. Let us drag the table against the door."

"Yes; and pile the chairs on it, and the ice-pitcher."

"What if the robbers knock them over?"

"All the better; then they'd run."

That minute the door-bell rang.

"Don't stir," whispered Mount.

"A robber wouldn't ring," said Lucy.

"But it may be a tramp, after a supper and a night's lodging."

The bell tingled again, very loud. Then, after a pause, which seemed endless, steps retreated.

A strange sound on the piazza made Lucy so curious that she peeped out.

"Dear!" she said, "I thought it might be Mr. Toby's nanny-goat come again;

but it was a little creature, with a pointed head. There it is, moving off."

After that it was so still that Mount nodded. Lucy sat up straight, listening for the servants, till her ears ached; for she feared Dr. Clive's anger against them as much as she feared the robbers for herself.

As nine struck on the white-marble clock and at Harmony Centre, there were heavy steps on the piazza, a sharp rat-tat-tat of the old-fashioned brass knocker.

"It is a man, now," said Lucy.

"Don't open the door," whispered Mount.

"Open the door!" cried the stranger; and again the knocker struck on the children's hearts.

"It sounds like grandpa's voice."

"Nonsense," whispered Mount; "keep still, and he'll go away."

"It did sound like grandpa."

"Where's the carriage?"

"Well," said Lucy, more fearful of her grandfather than even of robbers, "I shall ask, 'Who's there?'"

"Open that door, this minute!" cried Dr. Clive, in a voice of thunder.

"Wait, grandpa," cried Mount, joyfully, "till I pull the chairs and table away."

"Chairs and table! are you cleaning house?"

"Keeping off robbers."

"Why are you not a-bed?"

"Because Susan and cook are out."

"If you'd been a-bed you would not have known they were out. Not another word. Go!"

"Aren't you afraid alone?" asked Lucy, timidly.

"Only the wicked are afraid."

The next morning, the kitchen and the barn could talk of nothing else than the doctor's accident. The horse the doctor thought safe took fright at some seaweed put round a tree by the roadside, and the doctor was thrown out. As he could not be induced to get into the carriage again, he was obliged to waddle home as well as he could, with no other injury than the loss of his hat.

What promises Susan and the cook made as to future behavior nobody knew but themselves and the doctor; but he agreed to try them again.

"You see how fortunate it is to be poor," said Mrs. Whisker; "we have no silver to lose, and no robbers to fear."

"I should like a pair of silver boots," said I.

"Seven-leagued, I presume you mean. You would shine as puss-in-boots!"

What a poor opinion even Mrs. Whisker had of me! I longed to run somewhere, anywhere, out of my life.

CHAPTER X.

Pansies.

THE ladies who hired Pansy-Bank Cottage were good friends of Dr. Clive, excepting when he hauled their fences down. They liked to be settled and quiet. Dr. Clive was never so happy as when a carpenter was at work either on his own house or his tenants'.

Pats of butter, sponge cake, fruit and flowers, were frequently exchanged, greatly to Caprille's disgust. "Indian gifts!" cried she, "the over-fed feeding the over-fed."

Just now bright and beautiful was the ladies' pansy-bed. "I can smell the pansies at the foot of the lane," said Lucy, "but not so powerful as the violets." Not content with smelling at a distance, the children ran into the ladies' garden, where polite visitors were always welcome.

"*That* pansy," said Mount, "looks like

one of your fine fur ladies. See the whiskers!"

"They all look like darling velvet cats. I wonder if the sun or the dew paints them so beautifully."

"They just grow."

"Why don't they grow alike?"

"Because they don't want to."

"If that purple was asked, it might choose to be a yellow."

"How silly, Lucy; pansies haven't minds. And if they had, *we* are not asked what faces we'd have."

"Yes; there we are like the pansies. But how queer it is that we know our faces are not alike!"

"What's the use of knowing? It will not give me a horse, or you dumplings."

"Nor bring Cousin Anita back."

"Hullo, Lucy! The squirrel's got the dried apple at last. It held on all winter. The squirrel for my money! You may have all the pansies. Just whisper to them that I am tired of seeing their cat-faces, and ask next year for rabbit-faces with pink ears."

"There comes Mrs. Dinah, looking lovely, with a blue ribbon round her neck."

"How silly to dress up a cat!"

"But the ladies are so fond of cats. You know they named ours, Chinchilla, because she looked like their muffs; and Caprille, because she was capricious, flying after her tail, or a dry leaf, or a straw. Poor Tab is plain, so she was called Tab."

As Lucy stooped to stroke Mrs. Dinah, that rude creature growled at me, till I was glad to skulk under the hedge; then, grand as Cuffy, she followed Mount into *our* garden, under the arched gate.

"Pansies look like men and women, as well as cats," said Lucy, stooping over the bed. "That black one is grandpa; the yellow, Mrs. Brown; the dark purple, Mrs. Clare; the pretty lilac, Cousin Anita. If the ladies were at the window, I'd beg one to send in my letter. As Mount says, Tab, my dear, one gets tired thinking. I was not tired when cousin was here; she was a cushion to my mind. I mean to write, 'My dear cushion,'—but she'd only think I'd made a mistake. If grandpa only knew how it tires me to take care of myself!—and I shall have to all my life. Tab, my dear, let us run and see the Methuen cats. Grandpa claps me on the back when I stoop. If I had a book, I'd try to walk balancing it on my head. Well, I can double my arms behind me; then I can walk straight."

Away went Lucy, down one path, up another, laughing at her long shadow, and I after her. Then she tried to catch Mount. Her rosy cheeks proved walking was better than too much thinking. Dr. Clive muttered, as she rushed breathless into the house, "She will be prettier than her mother, and she is growing tall."

So she was; but she was growing also in mind, in courage, and in truth. Mount was growing too. He was noisier than ever. He hooted like an owl, and screamed like an Indian. He scared us and people. He needed lessons more than Lucy. He preyed on himself. Dr. Clive had been teased into letting him read "Robinson Crusoe." Lucy was worn out being Man Friday. Mount's room was re-papered with six scenes from that fascinating book. His wish by day, and his dream by night, was of being cast on a desert island.

The Pansy-Bank ladies told the doctor there was nothing so good for children as a *rod-in-pickle*. I looked every day for the pickled walnuts to be garnished with golden-rod. "Indeed, do you not fear, sir," asked the elder lady, "that your

grandchildren will get beyond your control, if they are not sent to school?"

"I've no great opinion of book knowledge," said Dr. Clive; "and they are not bad children." The first faint praise he had ever given Lucy.

"Mount has the gait of a sailor, already. He may startle you by running off to sea."

"A sailor's *gate?*" thought I. "How does a gate stand up in the ocean?"

"Lucy dreams dreams," said her grandfather, coldly; "but Mount is a wide-awake Clive. He is too fond of trees and the solid earth to desert for a coal barge, the only vessel within reach."

THE MORNING SONG.

My voice shalt thou hear this morning,
For the shades have passed away,
And out of the dark, like a joyous lark,
My heart soars up with the day;
And its burden, all is blessing,
And its accents, all are song, —
For thou hast refreshed its slumbers,
And thy grace hath made it strong.

My voice shalt thou hear this morning,
For the day is all unknown,
And I am afraid, without thine aid,
To travel its hours alone.
Give me thy light, to lead me,
Give me thy hand, to guide, —
Give me thy living presence,
To journey side by side.

Star of eternal morning,
Sun that shall ne'er decline;
Day that is bright, with unfading light,
Ever above me shine!
For the night shall be all noon-tide,
And the clouds shall vanish far,
When my path of life is gilded
By the bright and morning star.

Selected.

THE sea broke into dimples, and laughed in the sun.

THE UNWELCOME STRANGER.

THERE is no prettier sight than a big dog kind to a little one, or a big boy gentle to a little one. But these puppies, which are so much larger than the tortoise, are not hospitable to him. They are not like the little prairie dogs that Rev. Mr. Kimball tells of, which do not refuse a corner of their small house even to a snake. No; these puppies in the picture are looking at the tortoise, as much as to say, Who are you? and, What are you here for? But animals, as well as children, know when they are not wanted; and poor tortoise will soon depart from these doggies, which are quite big enough to be kind to the stranger; but, perhaps, they are really afraid of him.

If they were children, I should say to them, There is room enough in the world for all, and one has as much right to be here as another.

LAPLAND BABIES IN THE SNOW.

LAPLAND mothers are not in the habit of staying at home with their babies. The Laps are a very religious people, and take long journeys to hear their pastors. As soon as the family arrive at the little wooden church, and the reindeer are secured, the father shovels a snug little bed in the snow, and mother wraps the baby in skins, and deposits it therein. Then the father piles the snow around it, and the dog is set on guard, while the parents go decorously into the church. Often as many as thirty babies may be seen laid away in the snow about a church.

Philadelphia Ledger.

WHAT thou lovest, that thou art, and that thou livest. Fichte.

PUPPIES AND TORTOISE.

For The Dayspring.

RUTH'S PENNY FLAG.

AT the time of the Rebellion, we were living in a town in Ohio, on the banks of the Ohio river. Some of our men had enlisted, and our hearts were trembling at threatened bloodshed, when word came from Virginia that if the Flag, with its Stars and Stripes, waving from the court house dome, was not lowered, it would be shot down from the opposite hills.

Our streets were crowded with men, women, and children, on their way from church. Many paused to discuss whether we must do this hateful work. The women, turning pale at the thought of their children, and how easily the guns across the river might demolish their homes, which, as in most river towns, skirted the river bank, implored the men to lower the flag, and then ran home to pull in the red-white-and-blue tokens of love of country, which they had so proudly displayed a few days before.

In half an hour, not only the big flag was down, but all along the river the country's colors had disappeared, excepting a penny flag which our little Ruth, only three years old, standing on the piazza, waved, as she said in her broken talk, "to fwighten the webels;" and told the men who passed by how ashamed she was of their not standing by the flag as they had told the people to do the day before. She had been much interested in the making at our house of the big flag, and her little heart was on fire from the patriotic speeches at the flag-raising the day before. I could not persuade her that the town was in danger, and its safety dependent on the flag's being lowered. At last I gave it up, with the thought in my mind, as I looked at her flushed cheek and kindling eye, that out of the mouth of babes and sucklings is not only perfected praise, but wisdom to which ours is folly. And who knows as she stood there that long afternoon waving so eagerly, believing her little flag was keeping the rebels away, but that she taught courage to some of those who passed, and paused, attracted by her eager face and earnest words?

Another day, when after a weary march a regiment of our men entered the town, I heard repeated cheers opposite our house. And there, in the dusty street, stood our little Ruth, surrounded by a crowd of weary soldiers, to whom she was ladling water from a wooden bucket in her red tin cup which held but a gill.

I rushed to snatch her from the danger of being trampled down; but she pleaded so hard for the "firsty" soldiers, that I allowed her to remain, with a large bucket by her side, constantly refilled. The weary faces softened, and the tired feet gathered strength, as the soldiers looked at the child, and thought of the little ones at home. One straggler Ruth brought to the steps for rest, and, seating herself beside him, said, "Aren't you tired? I is too tired to get *you* any water; but you shall have my little tin cup," and immediately dropped asleep.

At the time of John Morgan's raid into Ohio, word came to Ruth's home that his band was only a mile back, and that as he would probably enter the town at that point we must go to a place of safety. What was to be done with our household treasures? With a sinking heart each one bade farewell to his favorite pictures, books, and keepsakes, not knowing what would be taken, or what left; for Morgan spared in one house what he destroyed in the next.

While our neighbors were throwing their silver into the cisterns or burying it in the ground, we were surveying the long rows of glass jars ranged on the shelves of our

store closet, and filled with the fruit Ohio house-keepers so well know how to preserve. It was such wormwood, the thought of our foes revelling in these dainties, that we sighed so loud that Ruth looked up in our face; and then we laughed, and said, "If we only had Morgiana's stone jars, instead of these glass ones, with forty thieves to pop out, we should not stand sighing here instead of making our way up the hill!"

Refugees from homes which Morgan's men had entered said open houses fared the best; so, with every window and door thrown wide, to Ruth's great surprise, we bade adieu to our home and travelled with speed, which fright gave, up the hot dusty hill that led to a place of safety. We had but just seated ourselves with poor Ruth on our lap (whom we had half dragged, half carried), under a sheltering tree, overlooking the town, when word came to leave at once, as the rebels were behind us; and, if they fired upon the town, we were in range of their shot.

We thought of seeking refuge in the cellar of a house near by, but the fear of the house falling on us if a rebel shot should strike it, deterred us from that. Then came the welcome cry that Morgan had passed on, and our men were returning, with a few rebel prisoners, and that the women must go to work to feed the Union soldiers filling the town. Then down the long hill we went, and I shall never forget little Ruth's pitiful face as I said, "Well, I suppose we shall go on till we drop down dead!"

But strength is given in a wonderful way, and we went to work with good will, thanking God in our hearts that our home with its treasures had been spared, even our precious jars unrifled.

The next morning (and how we slept before that morning came!) who was to make the prisoners' coffee? Many refused to do it. But we, remembering that though enemies they were men, and late our brothers, made the best coffee we could; and, forgetting strife in thankfulness at safety, added hot biscuit, till we had nothing left.

Then came the request to cook for Union soldiers coming in exhausted from a long march. Our hearts were so sad at their hungry looks, and our empty hands, that we did not heed the neighbors' remarks that we were in sympathy with the rebels, supplying *their* wants in the handsomest manner, and refusing a crust to *our* poor men. One man begged for some burned biscuit he saw on the ground, and eagerly ate them. Our money gone, hungry ourselves, for we had only secured some bread and milk for Ruth, one of the prisoners, who had enjoyed our coffee, sent us a bright dollar with many a gallant speech, and a request that we would keep it as a remembrance.

We replied, we would remember his kindness in giving us the means of buying a good breakfast at the hotel for a Union soldier. One good turn it seemed to us deserved another. But the description of the ravings at our so-called "insult" inspired us with so much terror, that we thought we should not dare to accept the hospitality so freely offered an hour before, to be extended to us when the war should be over.

But misjudged as we had been by friend and foe, we had the comfort of feeling that we had tried to serve both. Then, as is the wise way, we turned from what was painful, that we could not help, to the pretty pictures enshrined in memory, of our little Ruth waving her Penny Flag, and ladling water in her Red Tin Cup for thirsty lips.

E.

ON THE STAIRS.

BY J. NEWTON.

SEWING an over and over seam,
Sitting upon the stairs,
Yellow curls and apron white,
Rosy lips puckered up tight, —
Such a frown she wears!

Such a long over and over seam,
Such a weary way;
Such little fingers and kinky thread,
So many shakings of wise little head,
That aches to go to play.

Seventeen stairs, — so seventeen pins
Mark off the seam with care.
For every step she has measured a space,
And when her needle reaches the place,
Down she slides one stair.

So she sews on to please mamma,
Nor stops for any thing;
The cat goes to sleep in the entry way,
Waiting for Bessie to come and play;
Canary ceases to sing.

The long seam done, the last stair reached,
Needle and thimble and thread
Drop from the tired little fingers at last,
Slumber closes the eyelids fast,
Down drops the weary head.

Mamma, asleep in the room above,
Soundly naps, until
She suddenly wakes to wonder where
The child has gone she left on the stair, —
The house is quite too still.

Looking over the bannister,
She sees — what do you guess?
The kitten rolled up in a little ball,
And both asleep on the floor of the hall, —
Pussy and tired little Bess.

Independent.

IT is always a marvellous pity when people quarrel. A quarrel is like that abominable weed the dandelion: allowed to flourish, it gives off noxious seeds all round; cut down, it leaves roots of bitterness that can hardly be dug out.

Quixstar.

THE SEA.

"WHAT a lot of things there are in the sea, mamma, and what a little I know about natural history, in spite of all I learned at school! I have never seen any cuttle-fishes yet, although I have looked everywhere; and the fishermen are always crying out at the mischief they do to the haul of small fishes after they are caught. You know, the impudent creatures actually drag the little fishes half through the meshes of the nets and eat them. I dare say they think they are caught on purpose for them. You know, I wanted to make some sepia for myself, — they say it comes from an ink-bag inside the cuttle-fishes. Bertha has the bone of one which was thrown on shore, and, when she makes a blot, puts some powder scraped off this bone over the place, and the powder sucks up the ink so that you would never guess a blot had been made. I see ever so many cockles every day of my life. They have a long foot, which they can draw right up into their shells. Sometimes they stretch out this foot, which is bent in the middle, with a sudden jerk, and jump away like a flea. Cockles are very nice to eat; we often have some for tea. I wish I could describe all the sea-

anemones to you, they are so beautiful, mamma; and I have tried again and again to save some in a basin of salt water to bring home to you, but they always die, and not one of them has put out his leaves under my care. I have got a star-fish for you, though, which old Neptune gave me, several rare shells, and some groups of dried sea-weed, which I managed to save with the delicate tendrils all spread out, by slipping thick paper under them whilst they were actually in the water. They are rather crooked, but you must not mind that, for you know how crooked the straightest stick looks when you put it in the water; and I could not leave my paper under long, lest it should get rotten. Bertha tried to write a pretty piece of poetry under the sea-weed for you, which begins, —

'Call us not weeds, we are flowers of the sea,'

but the paper was not quite dry, so all the words ran into each other."

Robert's Holidays.

IT is an odd simile, the "smile" of the sun, or of the earth. Yet what else describes the blissful radiance of the morning sun upon a fertile country, especially if the season be harvest; and what describes the look the earth wears better than to say, she smiles?

From Wendell Phillips's immortal speech in behalf of the preservation of the "Old South."

THE "OLD SOUTH."

"SUMMON it [the church] again, ye venerable walls, to its true place in the world's toil for good. Give us Mayhews and Coopers again, — and let the children of the Pilgrims show that religious conviction, veneration for 'the great of old,' and a stern purpose that our flag shall everywhere and always mean justice, are a three-fold cord holding this nation together, never to be broken. We have a great future before us. How grand, human forecast cannot measure. Yes, a great future, endangered by many and grave perils; our way out of these faith believes in, but mortal eye cannot see. It is wisdom to summon every ally, to save every possible help. Educate the people to noble purpose. Lift them to the level of the highest motive. Enforce by every possible appeal the influence of the finest elements of our nature. Let the great ideas — self-respect, freedom, justice, self-sacrifice — help each man to tread the body under his feet. This worship of great memories, noble deeds, sacred places — the poetry of history — is one of the keenest ripeners of such elements. Seize greedily on every chance to save and emphasize these.

"Give me a people freshly and tenderly alive to such influences, and I will laugh at money-rings or demagogues armed with sensual temptations. Men marvelled at the uprising which hurled slavery to the dust. It was young men who dreamed dreams over patriot graves, — enthusiasts wrapped in memories. Marble, gold, and granite are not *real*. The only actual reality is an idea.

. . . . . .

"The influence of these old walls will prevent men, if any thing can, from becoming

the tools of corruption or tyranny. 'Recall every day one good thought, — read one fine line,' says the German Shakspeare. Yes, let every man's daily walk catch one ray of golden light, and his pulse throb once each day nobly as he passes these walls. No gold, no greed can canker the heart of such a people; once in their hands, neither need, greed, nor the clamor for wider streets will ever desecrate what Adams and Warren and Otis made sacred to the liberties of man."

A PATIENT ELEPHANT.

"TELL my grandchildren," writes the Bishop of Calcutta, "that an elephant here had a disease in his eyes. For three days he had been completely blind. His owner, an engineer officer, asked my dear Doctor Webb if he could do any thing to relieve the poor animal. The doctor said he would try nitrate of silver, which was a remedy commonly applied to similar diseases in the human eye. The large animal was ordered to lie down, and at first, on the application of the remedy, raised a most extraordinary roar at the acute pain which it occasioned. The effect, however, was wonderful. The eye was in a manner restored, and the animal could partially see. The next day when he was brought, and heard the doctor's voice, he lay down of himself, placed his enormous head on one side, curled up his trunk, drew in his breath just like a man about to endure an operation, gave a sigh of relief when it was over, and then, by trunk and gesture, evidently wished to express his gratitude. What sagacity! What a lesson to us of patience!"

Carrier Dove.

TAKE her to nature for her joy, and to humanity for her duties.

COSEY CORNER.

I TOOK tea the other night at a house which I must tell you about. It is on a fine hill; and from it you see fields, trees, church spires, and, in the far distance, water.

It has many and lofty rooms. The hall, the lungs of the house, is grand, and a mirror at the end, seems to double its size. The carpets, curtains, furniture, pictures are all handsome of their kind. There is a fine piano, and a musical box, — which plays twenty tunes. There are more engravings, books, and photographs, than can be easily examined. I wish you could see a Majolica flower-vase, almost as beautiful empty as filled, in the form of a pond lily; it rests on a mirror, as the real lily floats on the pond.

And now draw near the shrine of the house, walk softly, for it is holy ground. You see this portrait, resting on the easel near the fire-place of the drawing-room. Two years ago, these pictured children were running over this fine house, as gay as butterflies, as happy as singing birds. In a week, a sudden fever took them from their earthly to their Heavenly Father's home. Upstairs you see the boy's little bed, with a verse on his pillow, placed there by his mother. His silent drum is under the table. In one of the chambers, a big and a little dolly occupy a large chair: I fancy their owners used to place them there to greet coming guests.

From the dolls and the drum we will go down and study the portrait: taken from separate photographs by an artist, who never saw the children, it seems as if a special Providence had guided his brush, so charming is the grouping, so satisfactory the likeness. In the centre is the oldest child, her arm around the neck of

the little boy, whose face has the listening look it wore when his mother read to him. His elder sister seems his "little mother" now, tender and thoughtful. At her right is little Marie, with golden curls falling to her shoulders. The children are in white, relieved by pale blue and rose-colored sashes, and a branch of exquisite morning glories clustering at the right. This portrait, beautiful in the daylight, takes on a halo by gas-light, and seems to say, "We but pause, — before ascending to our native skies."

I wish, my dears, you could all see this portrait. It would make you very tender to your parents, truly obedient; for why are *you* spared, if not to make them happy?

The "little mother," as I call her, was in love with poverty. She longed to be poor and go barefoot. She was allowed on the half-holidays, Wednesday and Saturday, to bring some of her schoolmates home to dinner. Then she would say to her mother, "Please don't have the girl in to brush the crumbs off, for *they* have no girl at home. And, mother, don't look at them if they eat with their knives."

This tender thought of her schoolmates' feelings was even more beautiful than the comfortable muffs and gowns that she selected for them at Christmas; and, certainly, the Heavenly King will choose such a child to run on errands of mercy: so I think of her above as finishing what she began here.

TO A FLY.

Busy, curious, thirsty Fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I!
Freely welcome to my cup,
Could'st thou sip and sip it up.
Make the most of life you may! —
Life is short and wears away.

Both alike are mine and thine
Hast'ning quick to their decline.
Thine's a summer: mine's no more,
Though repeated to threescore.
Threescore summers, when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one.

W. Oldys.

And what is your duty? The carrying-on of the affairs of the day that lies before you.

"Keep that which is committed to thy charge, and let no man take thy crown." Those who endure silently suffer most. No doubt the snail would rather be a rapidly gliding silver-fish; but, finding himself a snail, he does a' snail's duty: while we, finding our lot distasteful, settle back, and do no duty at all. Be not deceived: the snail's life is as important in God's sight as that of the silver-fish; and your life in a corner, as that of some other in a larger place. Remember, God has put you where he wants you; and your duty is there: look for it. And remember as well, —

"If you cannot in the harvest
Gather up the richest sheaves, —
Many a grain, both ripe and golden,
Which the careless reaper leaves,

You can glean among the briers
Growing rank against the wall;
For it may be that their shadows
Hide the heaviest wheat of all."

Selected.

HARVESTING.

Fat babies lay cooing on their backs here and there, little girls with officious zeal rushing suddenly upon them, setting them upright, pulling their pinafores down and their backs up, making them open their eyes wide before they relapsed into the old position, which was so much more comfortable and free.

"Mistress Judith."

RESULT OF A LITTLE ACT.

THERE is a field in the State of New York where, a few years ago, a gentleman saw five little twigs standing in a group. He twisted them together, and so they grew. Year after year they became larger. Every spring the sap came up out of the ground, and worked during the bright months to bring them onward to the strong maples and oaks of the forest. They all lived, and each is now so large that the storm cannot bend it. But that mass which, far off, seems one tree is found, near at hand, to be five trees. They are so twisted together that no one could separate them without cutting them all to pieces.

The work of a minute has lasted for years. That which might once have been remedied in an instant cannot be changed. The trees keep telling of the act of that man, who perhaps twisted the twigs while walking with some one, and hardly thinking of what he was doing. So this story of the twigs and the trees has come to you and me. Let us be careful of our acts.

A LILAC tree stood very near Mr. Kennedy's bed-room window, which had performed its annual miracle of crowning itself with no end of the richest white clusters, drooping slightly with their own weight. It was a miracle that did not attract much attention, not even from the kind of people who don't believe any thing but what they understand; and there were people in Quixstar who had reached this point, — the point where the fool and the philosopher met.

It was no miracle to Mr. Kennedy how all that fine workmanship, which could stand inspection with the most powerful microscope, that skill in grouping and chaste purity of color, came there. Quixstar.

A DISAPPOINTED DOG.

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON never told a more beautiful story than the following: "A dog was bereaved of his master, and became old and blind, passing the dark evening of his existence sadly in some corner, which he hardly ever quitted. One day came a step like that of his lost master, and he suddenly left his place. The man who had just entered wore ribbed stockings; the old dog had lost his scent, and referred at once to the stockings that he remembered rubbing his face against. Believing that his master had returned after those weary years of absence, he gave way to the most extravagant delight. The man spoke. The momentary illusion was dispelled; the dog went sadly back to his place, lay down wearily and died."

Puzzles.

In my *first* my *second* sat; my *third* and *fourth* I ate.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA.

Indians.
Virginia.
St. George.
Tea.
Boston.
Revolution.
Lee.
Reed.

"God bless our Native Land!"

THE DAYSPRING,
(Elizabeth P. Channing Editor),
PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE
Unitarian Sunday-School Society,
(George F. Piper, Secretary)
7 TREMONT PLACE . . . . . BOSTON.

TERMS. — Per annum, for a single copy . 30 cents.
Four copies to one address . $1.00.
Postage, 2½ cents additional for each copy, per year.
Payment invariably in advance.

Press of John Wilson & Son: Cambridge.